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THE
ADVENTURE
OF A
German KNIGHT
OR,

The Scuffle-Royal,
BETWEEN
A Foreigner, the Devil, and a Lawyer.

Written by Count MONTEGO.
*Upon the ill Treatment he met with on the Mall
on George's-Hill, after his Arrival from*
GERMANY.

Si natura negat, facit Indignatio versum, Juv.

L O N D O N
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M D C C X X X I I I.









A
S A T Y R

Written by

Count *MONTEEGO*, &c.

KIND Reader, pray, my Heat excuse,
While I relate the gross Abuse,
Receiv'd from *Fops* of * lower Fashion,
Who, faith, are hardly worth my Passion;
Yet to expose Them, by the Bible,
With slander and satyrick *Libel*,

I

* To give the genuine explication of our *Author* in this point, I am apt to think, he means the lowness of their *Fortune, Stature, Principles and Courage.*

I think, is only just, to shew
The Vigour of a † *german* Beau.

I scarce had landed, when a call
Of Fancy led me to the Mall,
To view the Ladies, and a Place
So Fam'd, for ev'ry rural grace :
I Dress'd, as I thought, * gay enough,
And look'd with Aspect, fierce and bluff;
My Coat, indeed, was *English* Cloath,
And surely § paid for, by my Troth ;

† Our *Author* seems here to entimate his own Origin, which, by the Informations I have from Others, is very great. The Family of the *Montegos* is known to be Antient, Noble and Wealthy ; being nearly related to the D. of *Bavaria* : His Education is exactly adequate to his Extraction ; for, having happily finished his Studies in the best Universities in *Europe*, he compleated the *fine Gentleman* by his Travels, and Visiting the most polite Courts the World affords.

* This shews very plain the vanity of the *lish* : The Count dress'd, as he thought, genteel enough to be taken for a Man of Fortune and Family in any other Country ; but here a Man is thought nothing of, unless he dresses Fine, no matter whether he has a Penny in his Pocket or no : Miserable ! to imitate the poor vanity of the *French*.

§ Here our *Author* seems obliquely to strike at those Lads, who glitter in Gayety, which they run in tick for ; and I shall make bold to draw a Comparison between such and *Epp's* Crow, with its borrow'd Feathers. Most of the antient *Commentators* are of Opinion, That this Crow was rather some pretended *Epp*, who had constantly a pack of Setters at his Heels, running him for his Feathers.

For,

For, to be forc'd in *Mall* to *shun*
 The hated Visage of a *Dun*,
 Would load me with inglorious Shame;
 And ever blast *Monteegos*' Name.
 My Waste-coat Frogg'd, and wrought with Stitches,
 * White Stockings, Pumps, and velvet Breeches,
 Shone bright; (---'s death, there's no forbearance,)
 Who dare dislike my grand Appearance?
 I'll let Them see, that I can Write,
 And afterwards, with Courage Fight;
 But I forgot; I had a Sword,
 Guilt, fine enough for any Lord;
 The guilding, was a little wore,
 Which shew'd, it was not † Brass all o'er:
 A Cane, with monstr'ous Head of Pinch-back,
 Which from a Fight did never flinch back,
 Protects my Hand and Head; and then 'tis,
 I'm thought some *Irish* Clerk, or I 'Prentice.

* The remarkable tokens of a most intolerably Foppish, Stupid, and Affected Apprentice; who (as his moral Friends justly remark) runs out his Pence a little too fast, and pays his Congees and Devoirs to the Ladies more assiduously, and with greater Diligence, than he attends his Master's Business. But let him be, what Dress can make him; for —

Without black velvet Breeches, What is Manly
 † Here, as I apprehend, he touches those Fops, who dash
 in to extravagantly with their Brass-mounted Swords.

It is remarked by the Ladies and Others, that no Gentleman wears such immoderate large Pinch-back Heads to their Canes, as some few particular Clerks and Apprentices now in Town.

But

But, best of all, a Bag I wore,
 Such as was never seen before !
 Which from the * *grand Turk's* mighty Hand
 I got, and wore by his Command;
 When on an Embassy I went,
 With great, important Business sent.

When Ev'ning came, I took a Chair,
 And thus Dress'd, went directly there ;
 But straight I paid the † Chairman's Hire,
 For which he call'd me, *Honour'd Squire* ;
 I walk'd it round, and round again,
 And view'd all o'er the verdant Scene ;
 In short, I found it far from such
 A Place, as they cry-up so much ;
 But like some Wilderness appear'd,
 Whose gloomy Walks I justly fear'd ;
 For in these dark Retreats, they say,
 The wilder *Irish* losely stray :

* This shews, that our *Foreigner* is a Man of Figure and Station.

† This Passage seems to animadvert upon some of our Modern Gentlemen ; who *defraud* the Chairmen of their Hire, bidding them call at this and t'other Coffee-House, without ever meaning to pay them : For which, I have known some to have been carried before the Lord Mayor.

With

With monst'rous, hairy Tails, that vex,
 And horrid fright the fairer * Sex;
 I walk'd a while, and few I saw here,
 Except the † Devil, and a Lawyer,
 As I could understand; for sure
 Such Monsters Man could scarce endure;
 They seem'd, with vast Surprise, to lag,
 And view the Measures of my Bag;
 To leer and grin, like Brother-Apes,
 Both at my Dress, and at my Shapes;
 'Tis true, my Bag's enormous size,
 Might Wonder cause in Irish Eyes,
 Whose length, three quarters of a Yard,
 Serv'd as a Shield, my § Back to guard:
 Their little Scoffs, I bore a while,
 And pass'd them with a scornful Smile,
 'Till they with stand'rous Tongues engage,
 And loud Black-guardism rous'd my Rage;
 I then ply'd closely with my Cane,
 And stroke, by Jove, but not in vain;

* The Count is absolutely unacquainted with the Constitutions of our Irish Ladies, or I'm certain he would be of an opposite Opinion.

† The Person, our Foreigner took for the Devil here, I am inform'd, was a Scholar in his Collegiate Dress; (for my Part, I think, they are to be had at all sides of the Town) the other he guess'd to be a Lawyer, because he observed something very poor and griping in his Aspect.

§ No inconsiderable Safeguard for an Irish Epp.

For

For soon I hew'd Them to the ground,
 * Their Arms sent forth a rattling sound :
 In short, I'd made them soon knock under,
 If People had not put's a sunder;
 Which happen'd well; or by my troth,
 My Sword had pierc'd the † guts of Both;
 And then, I must be forc'd to fly,
 Or, I suppose, exalted Die;
 To Die for *Insects*, sure would vex me,
 But for a Man, 'twould ne'er perplex me.
 But Z——ds! my Bag, amidst the Fray,
 (Oh! dismal Luck!) was pluck'd away;
 And now I must with grief retreat,
 To view some lonely, rural Seat;
 And quit the gay, the darling Fair,
 Who're all my Joy, and all my Care;
 Nor must I face the publick view,
 'Till I repair my Bag a new;

* Our *Author* seems to have borrowed this from a well-known Line in *Homer*; —

Δέκησεν ται πεσών, ἀράβησε ται τευχὰ ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

† This Expression, I am convinced, is used by way of Retortion on one of our *Author's* heroic Antagonists; who threat'ned most courageously to run his Sword thro' the Guts of a Child about thirteen Years of Age.

Which

Which made with nicest *german* Art,
 Shall look so Killing, and so Smart,
 It sure must gain my * *Jenny's* Heart.

But what provok'd my fury most,
 Was, that a *Fopling* dar'd to boast,
 And in my absence, that he'd † *beet*
The Beau in § Effgie so Neet :
 But I can *thresh*, I'd have him know,
 A *Fop*, or little || *tarnish'd Beau ;*
 Who do my furious *Passion* warm,
 Or tempt the *Prowess* of my *Arm ;*
 Indeed, to *Thrash* would be a pitty,
 A *Fop*, so *Smooth*, so *Small*, so *Pritty !*
But to exalt him on my Knee,
Would hurt him less, more honour ME.

* This shews that the *Count* has got a *Mistress* already among the *Ladies*, who walk on the *Mall* ; which ever of their Names be *Jenny*, let her assert her *Right* : This I know, that she must be something extraordinary, who can merit the liking of a *Man*, who has the exquisite taste of *Count Montego*.

† Agreeable to the nice *Mincing* of your *English Fops* Pronunciation.

§ I am apt to believe, he would attack the *Count's Effgie* very valourously, but nothing else.

|| I must make bold to contradict our *Author* in this Point : for I am credibly *Informed*, that this *Gentleman* has one laced *Waste-coat*, which is very far from being *tarnish'd* ; but will on the contrary, I am satisfy'd, make a most glaring Appearance next *Winter*.

'Twas

'Twas well I miss'd the *Mall* that Night,
 They brought their *Bullies* there to Fight;
 With Swords gigantick arm'd, for Wars,
 Like *Janizaries*, or like *Tars*;
 Or, by the gods and furious *Medes*,
 I'd send Them head-long to the Shades;
 And shewn, that *theirs* could ne'er surmount
 The Courage of a *german Count* !

But I'm resolv'd, when I get Home
 My Bag from *Turky*, then I'll come,
 As fierce as ever to the *Mall*,
 And then, Sir *Fop*, we'll see who shall—
 Tho', in conceit, you'd fain surpass
 The * *pritty Fellow* in the glass;
 I'll, with my *Eyes*, kill *Bells* in rows,
 But, with my *Sword*, sham-*Fops* and *Beaux*!

* This alludes to that beautiful Passage in *Mr. Young*.

*So have I seen upon a Summers Day,
 A Calf of Genius, debonaire and gay,
 Frisk on the Bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,
 Fond of the pritty Fellow in the Stream.*

F I N I S.



